

THE
D R U M M E R;
OR, THE
H A U N T E D H O U S E.
A
C O M E D Y.

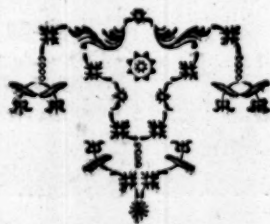
As it is Acted at the
T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L
I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By Mr. A D D I S O N.

——Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus——

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

IN this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts:
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes;
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same comets give claps and kisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreview'd,
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Confess, when no man knows who writes the play,
How much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty criticks will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend;
Each wit may praise it for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
But, if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it—be'll remain integ.
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue and cry.
If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Though with a ghost our Comedy be heighten'd:
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd.
Oh, 'tis a ghost that seems to be unwell,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-bunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
Then ev'ry evening come in flocks, undaunted;
We never think this house is too much haunted.

EPILOGUE.

TO-night, the poet's advocate I stand;
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cause debating,
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting:
If both the first should from their duty sever,
There's one behind the waistcoat in reserve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shows good-nature.

My help thus ask'd, I could not chuse but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckaldom,
No song, no dance, no musick—but a drum—
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase express'd,
And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no;
But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.
Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,
A nymph of five and forty finds a mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage:
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his sting at the poor wedded pair.
Our Author deals not in conceits so stale:
For, should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right;
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir George Truman.
Tinsel.
Fantome, the Drummer.
Vellum, Sir George Truman's Steward.
Butler.
Coachman.
Gardener.

W O M E N.

Lady Truman.
Abigail.

T H E D R U M M E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

But. **T**HERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that's haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her—Come, here's her health.

But. 'Tis a very hard thing to be a Butler in a house that is disturb'd. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my bed-rooms—I marvel, John, how he gets into the house, when all the gates are shut.

But. Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an auger-hole—he'll whisk ye through a key-hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frightened, that's certain; and verily believes it is my master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

But. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George; Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour: He always lov'd the wars; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the music of a drum.

Gard. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

But. Found! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

Coach. 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive; and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town close.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear!

Coach. Like a white horse.

But. Pho, Robin, I tell thee he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night, without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night, counting my spoons, the candle, methought, burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time, and often, when we don't.

But. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

Coach. Why may not the parson of our parish lay him?

But. No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another man?

But. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

Gard. Why d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*].—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

Coach. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter—The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

Gard. There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own: But alack, what can us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always cracking and boasting,

A

Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it: For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

Gard. A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing, not I! I never did harm in my life; I never committed murder.

But. I verily believe thee: keep thy temper, Peter; after supper well drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well said, John: An honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—Why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

But. and *Coach.* Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

But. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! A good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Here are your drunken fots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house? Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are you not at work in your garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and Madam fetching a walk together; and methought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

But. And so forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

Coach. I am resolv'd to give Madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive: but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I serv'd my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it: You first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I scorn your words: Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What, you sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

But. Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. *[Aside.]*

Gard. I scorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him—

But. Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

Gard. I would take him—

[The drum beats: The Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.]

But. and *Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

Gard. Spare my life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good butler; and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. *[They all run off.]*

Abigail sola.

Ab. So now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surpris'd. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! *[He beats.]* Nay, nay, pray come out: the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—Don't stay to beat a parley.

[The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.]

Fan. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Trumar.

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! death may have alter'd you, you know—Besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut crows my forehead will keep me in countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my master receiv'd from a curled French trooper, as my lady's letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this suit of cloaths of Sir George's fits me so well—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray what good will your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of that empty noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

Fan. Why really I lov'd the lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a wretch as Tinsel.

Ab. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—Thou shalt have it, if thou can't bring our project to bear: Dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money.

Ab. Why truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

Fan. Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say, I love mischief for mischief's sake.

Fan. But is thy lady persuaded that I'm the ghost of her deceased husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so; and tell her, every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee make use of all thy art: for I'm tir'd to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind the wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? There's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

Fan. Ah, Mis. Abigail, you have had your intrigues—

Ab. For you must know when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide and seek.

Fan. I believe by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome: But no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner, who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contriv'd the waincoat to move to and fro, in the manner you find it. I design'd it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodos, lac'd shoes, and good things that I have had in it!—Pray take care you don't break the cherry brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

Fan. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire your closet of you; but for this one night—A thousand pound, you know, is a very good rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone: You have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm thinking how Tinsel will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall; for I am resolv'd to make my appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

Fan. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone—[As he's going in.]

Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, have you put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hand?

Fan. Thou shalt have it; I tell thee thou shalt have it. [Fantome goes in.]

Ab. No more words—Vanish, vanish.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [Opening the door.] Oh dear Madam, was it me that made such a knocking? My heart does for me—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

Lady. I have been shewing the garden to Mr. Tinsel: He's most insufferably witty upon us about the story of the drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

Lady. Well, an infidel is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolv'd to divert myself a day or two at least with the address of his conversation.

Ab. Ah, Madam! the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to see you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than us'd to be—

Lady. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [Aside.]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

Ab. Ay, and should have been yours too, by my account! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fanciful thing as this is—Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and lov'd you. Poor soul, how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted lady—Well! I had as lief a thousand pound you would marry Mr. Fantome.

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough

till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

Lady. I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [Aside.]

Ab. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should found you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, What dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? He never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living; and should prefer him to any man were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk; but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance, like marriage!

Lady. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam; in troth he's downright rude.

Lady. But that, you know, Abigail, shews he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

Ab. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

Lady. But that, you know, Abigail, may be only to shew his wit—Then it must be own'd he's extremely talkative.

Ab. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that, you know, Abigail, is a sign he has been us'd to good company—Then, indeed, he is very positive.

Ab. Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then, you know, Abigail, he has been educated at the inns of court.

Ab. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your tongue, here he comes.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. My dear widow!

Ab. My dear widow! marry come up! [Aside.]

Lady. Let him alone, Abigail; so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

Tin. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—Your servants have made a convert of my booby: his head is so fill'd with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid, hereafter, to go upon a message by moonlight.

Lady. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux will that be to many a fine lady!

Ab. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's manners for you, Madam. [*Aside.*]

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myself.

Tin. Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

Tin. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

Ab. A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

Tin. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tin. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye, Sir?

Tin. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

Tin. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word—I'm a free-thinker, child!

Ab. I'm sure you are a free-speaker.

Lady. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning? I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

Tin. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself; but I am convinc'd by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are impos'd upon,

cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled—

Ab. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

Tin. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—You learned men are so apt to despise one!

Tin. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles; thou shouldst be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

Lady. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

Tin. Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tin. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else?

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate?

Tin. But where's this ghost? this son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Lady. Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

Tin. That's well enough faith, Nab; dost think thy matter is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle—Did not you marry Sir George to the tune of *till death us do part*?

Lady. I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—This fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd com-
[*Aside.*]

Tin. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, play'd in an assembly, and ambled in a bail or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

Ab. Hum—Sauce-box.
[*Aside.*]

Tin. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the Play-house—Oh we'd pass all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

Lady. Well, then, you have an opportunity of shewing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

Tin. Your jointure! How can you think me such a dog! But, child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London, as in the country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

Tin. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this Gothick way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the drum!

Tin. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives wou'd be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, window, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

Lady. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

Tin. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: Besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer.

*Closp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And aet my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Vellum in his office, and a letter in his hand.

Vel. THIS letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes---or rather my spectacles---To Humphrey Vellum, Esq. Steward to the Lady Truman.

Vellum,

I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George-Inn: If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, enquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjuror, but is really

Your faithful friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.

'This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold---First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because this news of his death was first publish'd in Dier's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself---I know his hand and manner of spelling.

Fourthly---

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjuror, but he's very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjuror.

Vel. He says right---He is no more than a conjuror. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*]

And fourthly, as I was saying, because---

Enter Butler with Sir George.

But. Sir, here is the conjuror---What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Sir Geo. Dear Vellum, you have receiv'd my letter; but before we proceed, lock the door.

Vel. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*]

Sir Geo. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

Vel. It is his shape.

Sir Geo. So; now lay my beard upon the table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir George through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

Sir Geo. Well, now I have put off the conjuror and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

Vel. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoic'd to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

Sir Geo. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vel. I am---and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinc'd of it. Her honour is a discerning lady.

Sir Geo. I'm only afraid she should be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir Geo. How long did her grief last?

Vel. Longer than I have known any widow's---at least three days.

Sir Geo. Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days! I'm afraid thou flatterest me!---O woman! woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir Geo. This blockhead is as methodical as ever---but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*]

Vel. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief: she was drown'd in tears till such time as the taylor had made her widow's weeds---Indeed they became her.

Sir Geo. Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly a most seasonable consolation!

Vel. But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

Sir Geo. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

Vel. Her jointure is considerable.

Sir Geo. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*]

Vel. Her person is amiable---

Sir Geo. Death!

Vel. But her character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope---

Sir Geo. And has had as many suitors.

Vel. Several have made their overtures.

Sir Geo. Several!

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir Geo. There thou reviv'st me: But what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir Geo. Does she listen to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir Geo. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir Geo. Are the vows and protestations that pass'd between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man design'd for my worthy successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months---

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*]

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman---meaning your ha---poor.

Sir Geo. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjuror, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the drummer, and dispose of the house.

Vel. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her honour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir Geo. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue—Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho-nour who troubles the house.

Sir Geo. That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

Sir Geo. I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your honour's service.

Sir Geo. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

Sir Geo. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have--- Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

Vel. You act, indeed, a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjuror, and my honour'd master, Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir Geo. Oh, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold: first, to gain admission for me to your lady; and secondly, to get the secret out of Abigail.

Vel. It sufficeth.

The SCENE shifts.

Enter Lady sola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profess admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex, to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But

of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblameable; I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail; I must teize the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I'm entirely at her disposal.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very sad man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, Abigail; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry, hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your heart ach.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

Ab. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

Lady. With what raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

Lady. He has kept bad company.

Ab. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine experiment if it shou'd not succeed.

Lady. Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time;---here comes the steward; I have no further occasion for you at present. [*Exit Abigail.*]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your ho-nour at leisure to look into the account of the last week? They rise very high;---house-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks! But read your account, Vellum.

Vel. [*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene*] A hoghead and an half of ale---It is not for the ghost's drinking---But your ho-nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer so long as the house continues in this condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two sheep, and a---where is the ox?---Oh, here I have him---and an ox---Your honour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. Item, Bread, ten peck loaves---They cannot eat beef without bread---Item, Three barrels of table-beer---They must have drink with their meat.

Lady. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*]

Vel. Item, To Mr. Tinsel's servants, five bottles of Port wine---It was by your ho-nour's order---Item, Three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

Lady. I suppose that was by your own order.

Vel. We have been long friends; we are your ho-nour's ancient servants. Sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants when they are tardy in their business; he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vel. Item, A dozen pound of wax-lights for the use of the servants.

Lady. For the use of the servants! What are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark! What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

Vel. Madam, your ho-nour has two points to consider, Imprimis, To retrench these extravagant expences, which so many strangers bring upon you---Secondly, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

Lady. This learned division leaves me just as wife as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

Vel. I beseech your ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But prythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjuror, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a-----

Lady. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself?

Vel. I cannot say I do; there is no danger, however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him! He must be a curiosity.

Vel. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains till he has done his work;---no cure, no money.

Lady. That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He shall be forthcoming forthwith. [Exit.

Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.

But. Rare news, my lady, rare news!

Gard. What's the matter? hast thou got any more waxes for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Gard. Is there another stranger come to the house?

But. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

Gard. What! Is he a lord!

But. A lord! No, nothing like it---He's a conjuror.

Coach. A conjuror! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

Coach. Ay! marry, that's good news indeed: But where is he?

But. He is lock'd up with the steward in his office; they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

Gard. Prythee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjuror?

But. Why, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

Coach. Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjuror should have a long grey beard---for, did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

Gard. Why, I remember a conjuror once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he spew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Dost think we could not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art such a wiseacre! thou dost not know the difference between a conjuror and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal: Your conjuror always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjuror's as grave as a judge----but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand---I fancy 'tis made out of witch elm.

Gard. I warrant you, if the ghost appears, he'll whisk you that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

But. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle; and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him---let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjuror's trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him when he has him there?

But. Why, then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in Lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again, with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I would advise Madam to spare no cost. If the conjuror be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea---and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

Gard. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea---I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjuror! I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

But. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages----But hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid, too---we should lead merry lives.

*For to a man like me, that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George in Vellum's Office.

Sir Geo. I wonder I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well, Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

Vel. First, let me lock the door.

Sir Geo. Will your lady admit me?

Vel. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vel. Delays in business are dangerous---I must send for the smith next week---and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir Geo. But what says your lady?

Vel. This pen is naught, and wants mending----My lady, did you say?

Sir Geo. Does she admit me?

Vel. I have gained admission for you as a conjuror.

Sir Geo. That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my art?

Vel. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir Geo. Did she ask no questions about me?

Vel. Sundry---She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

Sir Geo. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This instant.

Sir Geo. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while? Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloak---Have you yet met with Abigail?

Vel. I have not yet had an opportunity of speaking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

Sir Geo. Let thee alone for that, Vellum. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloak. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! would you make a conjuror of your steward?

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee don't be jocular; I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

Vel. And what will your ho-nour do with your cast beard?

Sir Geo. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou wouldst wear it with the cloak, thou wouldst make a most compleat heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

Vel. A fine taper stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

Sir Geo. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be master of the ceremonies to a conjuror. *[Exit.]*

Enter Abigail crossing the stage, Tinsel following.

Tin. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

Ab. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

Tin. What, Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with an old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

Ab. What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Nabby, tell me one thing; What's the reason thou art my enemy?

Ab. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

Tin. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come kither, hussy, give me a kiss. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. *[Kisses her.]* This rogue will catry off my lady, if I don't take care. *[Aside.]*

Tin. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail. I must get thee a husband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

Tin. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lussy son of a whore?

Ab. Lud, how you talk!

Tin. This is a thundering dog.

Ab. What is he?

Tin. A private gentleman.

Ab. Ay! where does he live!

Tin. In the Horse-guards---But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

Ab. Pray, Mr. Tinsel what may that be?

Tin. He's but five-and-twenty years old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

Tin. No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate---Pray what has he?

Tin. Not a farthing.

Ab. Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for! *[Aside.]*

Tin. But as for that I would make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tin. Why look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

Ab. *[Aside.]* This fellow's a fool---I'll have no more to say to him---Hark! my lady's a coming!

Tin. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

Ab. Ay, and so will I too---to your cost. *[Aside.]*

[Exit. Abigail]

Tin. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid---But I shall rid the house of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here, I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town---There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjuror, and this conceited ass. *[Aside.]*

Tin. She loves me to distraction, I see that. *[Aside.]* Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyself.

Lady. You must know there is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjuror.

Tin. Ay, thy steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in christendom.—I think thy four chief domesticks are—a wither'd Abigail—a superannuated Steward—a Ghost—and a Conjuror.

Lady. [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

Tin. 'Tis a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But feel! smoke the Doctor. Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his Conjuror's Habit.

Vel. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you.—*Sir,* this is her ho-nour.

Sir Geo. I know it well.

[*Exit Vellum.*]

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! The sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

Tin. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray, what news is stirring in the Zodiack?

Sir Geo. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities.

Tin. Mars? Pr'ythee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

Sir Geo. The entrance of Mars into his house, pretends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon—Hark thee, old Gadbury? Is not Mars very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

Sir Geo. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

Tin. A word in your ear, Doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by: I can tell you that.

Sir Geo. [*Aside, walking disturb'd.*] Curse on this impertinent top! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shews that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

Sir Geo. My aspect deceives you: What do you think is my real age?

Tin. I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Pr'ythee tell me, Wast not thou born before the flood?

Lady. Truly, I should guess you to be in your

second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grand-children with beards a foot long.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five-and-thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

Lady. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

Tin. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

Sir Geo. Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb, by all the rules of physiognomy: But let that be a secret between you and me.

[*Aside to Tinsel.*]

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the Doctor whispers?

Tin. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir Geo. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on Doctor.

Sir Geo. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

Sir Geo. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

Tin. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir Geo. Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of—

Tin. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus; he, he, he! This fellow makes me burst with laughing.

[*Forces a laugh.*]

Sir Geo. He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—Ay—'tis so!

Tin. You son of a whore! I'll ran you thro' the body. I never yet made the sun shine thro' a conjuror—

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

Tin. An old man! The dog says he's but five-and-thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. Tinsel! I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I would have but drill'd a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir Geo. Courage is but ill shewn before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will shew your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee, by the little

kill I have, that thou wilt be tof'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to fend thee back to the stars again.

Sir Geo. I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies---And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [*Exit Sir George.*]

Tin. The fauceft dog I ever talked with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may fee he's no fool.

Tin. No fool! Ay, but thou doft not take him for a conjuror.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am refolv'd to employ him however. When a ficknefs is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. Tinfel, we may there talk of the fubject more at leisure. [*Ex. Lady and Tinfel.*]

Abigail fola.

Sure never any lady had fuch fervants as mine has! Well, if I get this thoufand pound, I hope to have fome of my own. Let me fee, I'll have a pretty tight girl---juft fuch as I was ten years ago, (I'm afraid I may fay twenty;) ſhe ſhall dress me and flatter me---for I will be flatter'd, that's pos. My lady's caft fuits will ſerve her after I have given them the wearing. Befides, when I am worth a thoufand pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the ſteward.----Madam Vellum---how prettily that will found! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise---nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot---It will break the attorney's wife's heart---for I ſhall take place of every body in the parifh but my lady. If I have a fon, he ſhall be call'd Fantome. But ſee Mr. Vellum, as I cou'd wifh. I know his humour, and will do my utmoft to gain his heart.

Enter Vellum with a Pint of Sack.

Vcl. Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unfeafonably!

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your viſits are always feafonable!

Vcl. I have brought with me a taſte of freſh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray ſet it down---I have a dram-glaſs juſt by--- [*Brings in a runner.*]

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

Vcl. And your own with it---ſweet Mrs. Abigail.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this ſack, and put it under the article of tea---I would not have my name appear to it.

Vcl. Mrs. Abigail, your name ſeldom appears in my bills---and yet---if you will allow me a merry expreſſion---You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are ſuch a dry jeſting man!

Vcl. Why, truly Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers---and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

Ab. Your debtor! For what, Mr. Vellum?

Vcl. For my heart, Mrs. Abigail---And our accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have your's in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the moſt gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

Vcl. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigail; when will you be out of my debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one bluſh---My humble ſervice to you.

Vcl. I muſt answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country phraſe---*Your love is ſufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I muſt own I love a merry man!

Vcl. Let me ſee, how long is it, Mrs. Abigail, ſince I firſt broke my mind to you---It was, I think, *undecimo Gulielmi*---We have conyerſed together theſe fifteen years---and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I muſt drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he---Mrs. Abigail, you know I am naturally jo-coſe.

Ab. Ah, you men love to make ſport with us filly creatures!

Vcl. Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me which I would willingly make you a preſent of. It is indeed but a little toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vcl. It is but a little toy, ſcarce worth your acceptance.

Ab. Pray don't keep me in ſuſpence; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

Vcl. A filver thimble

Ab. I always ſaid Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

Vcl. But I muſt put it on myſelf, Mrs. Abigail---You have the prettieſt tip of a finger---I muſt take the freedom to ſalute it.

Ab. Oh fy! you make me aſham'd, Mr. Vellum: how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a confuſion--- [*A feigned ſtruggle.*]

Vcl. This finger is not the finger of idleneſs; it bears the honourable fears of the needle---But why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my finger again.

Vcl. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour---a wedding-ring would become it mightily---He, he, he!

Ab. You're ſo full of your jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for't.

Vcl. I deſign this thimble only as the forerunner of it; they will ſet off each other, and are, indeed, a twofold emblem. The firſt will put you in mind of being a good houſewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Yes, yes, I ſee you laugh at me.

Vcl. Indeed I am ſerious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forſaken me---I am ſure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promiſes you formerly made me.

Vcl. I ſhould as ſoon forget the multiplication-table.

Ab. I have always taken your part before my lady.

Vcl. You have ſo, and I have item'd it in my memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your intereſts as my own.

Vcl. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being ſo.

Ab. I muſt ſtrike while the iron's hot. [*Aſide.*]

---Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no reſuſing you, you have ſuch a bewitching tongue!

Vcl. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then, in plain Engliſh, I love you.

Vcl. I am overjoy'd!

Ab. I muſt own my paſſion for you.

Vcl. I'm tranſported! [*Catching her in his arms.*]

Ab. Dear charming man!

Vcl. Thou ſum total of all my happineſs! I ſhall grow extravagant! I can't forbear to---drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of ſack. Your lady muſt make haſte, my duck, or we ſhall provide a young ſteward to the eſtate, before ſhe has an heir

to it---Pr'ythee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel.

Ab. Marry him! my love. No, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

Vel. Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

Ab. This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as man and wife---I mean, almost as good as man and wife---I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

Ab. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh; my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

Vel. Give me your hand, chicken.

Ab. Here, take it; you have my heart already.

Vel. We shall have much issue. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vellum and Butler.

Vel. JOHN, I have certain orders to give you---and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that----I suppose he means being sober. *[Aside.]*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses laid in a method.

But. Ah, master Vellum, you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

Vel. Method, John, makes business easy; it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

But. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all day.

Vel. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

But. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjuror?

Vel. It is, John, for the conjuror, and yet it is not for the conjuror.

But. Why, look you, master Vellum, if it be for the conjuror, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

Vel. This conjuror, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature---But he eats and drinks like other men.

But. Marry, master Vellum, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

Vel. Thy conceit is not amiss; he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I understand you; he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married---He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man

old and young! How do you make that out, master Vellum?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

But. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjuror shou'd be like a serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old conjuror's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

But. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

Vel. That time will show.

But. Well, I have not a head for these things. indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shouldst---But to our business---Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that other way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by---Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

But. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark! Mrs. Abigail; I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next: She, I am sure, speaks plain English; one may easily understand every word she says. *[Exit Butler.]*

Vellum solus.

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them---But see! Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance; I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

Vel. What brings my sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjuror, that he may not be surpris'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low---walls have ears.

[Pointing at the wainscot.]

Vel. But hark you, duckling! be sure you don't tell him that I am let into the secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my child, that must not be! he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be wagglish.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu, my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

Vel. My pretty one--- *[As he is going off.]*

Ab. Dear Mr. Vellum.

Vel. My pretty one.

Abigail sola.

Ab. I have him---If I can but get this thousand pound.

[Fantome gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.]

Ab. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a

mind to speak with me. [Fantome raps again.

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come, fox, come out of your hole.

SCENE opens, and Fantome comes out.

Ab. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

Fan. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what's doing in the world.

Ab. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

Fan. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor---I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fox than twenty conjurors.

Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments-----Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

Fan. My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

Ab. Believe, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

Fan. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love---And let me tell thee, Abigail, a man who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it---But I'll mend my manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow---Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

Fan. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab----I mean, my lady Truman.

Ab. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

Fan. That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. [Kisses her.] Nectar and ambrosia!

Ab. That's very well---

Fan. How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life, my happiness, my ail is wound up in you---

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus! Ay---Now throw your arm about my middle: Hug me closer-----You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense till you are out of breath.

Fan. Transport and ecstasy! where am I!--my life, my bliss!--I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and darts---Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks, and grottoes---flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vessel! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

Fan. This will do then, Abigail?

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, e'my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an age, till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjuror is to take you in hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! forewarn'd, forearm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.

Enter Vellum.

Vcl. Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn.-----I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. Vellum! Vellum!

Vcl. [Aside.] Vellum! we are, methinks, very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their ho-nours---What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

Tin. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

Vcl. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's estate.

Vcl. The rent-roll?

Tin. The rent-roll! ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

Vcl. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing it!

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old boy; this is my very intention.

Vcl. The purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high---She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

Vcl. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?---he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

Vcl. [Aside.] An insolent companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

Vcl. [Aside.] An ungracious bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

Vcl. [Aside.] A very profligate!

Tin. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you---I'll borrow some money of you.

Vcl. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him. [Aside.] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me. [Stifling a laugh.]

Tin. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

Vcl. What do you think of five hundred pounds?---Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vcl. And yet it is more than I shall give you---And I will offer you two reasons for it.

Tin. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vcl. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[Exit Vellum.]

Tin. This rogue is as faucy as the conjuror : I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel ! what, all alone ? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

Tin. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward ; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation ?

Lady. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a put ; a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life : we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken ; he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

Tin. What ! I suppose he goes to church.

Lady. Goes to church ! so do you too, I hope.

Tin. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

Tin. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous ! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker !

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjuror told you, you were short-lived.

Tin. The conjuror ! Ha, ha, ha !

Lady. Indeed you're very witty !

Tin. Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Lady. I wish the fool does not love me. [*Aside.*]

Tin. Thou art the idol I adore : Here must I pay my devotion—Prythee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate.

Lady. The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*]

Tin. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man. *Tin.* Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach ; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

Lady. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel. ---What pretty transformations you could make in my house---But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*]

Tin. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate ; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent manager---How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods !

Tin. Now, hark ye, widow, to shew you the love that I have for you---
Lady. Very well ; let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-fashion'd gold caudle-cup, with a figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

Lady. I have ; What then ?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

Lady. Oh ! you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

Tin. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, Sir ; you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious ; and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you think, marriage is a serious subject.

Tin. For that very reason, my dear, let us run over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

Tin. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question : Dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence ?

Lady. Yes ; but decency ! Mr. Tinsel.---

Tin. Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now ?

Lady. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

Tin. Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second ; and they would own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what would people think ?

Tin. Think ! why they would think thee the mirror of widowhood---That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engag'd herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband, several years before the death of the first.

Lady. Ay, I know you wits have your commonplace jests upon us poor widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a story, widow : I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engag'd herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do ? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

Lady. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge ?

Tin. Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake ?

Tin. Innocent enough. He, he, he ! Why, where's the difference, my dear ?

Lady. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever lov'd in my life had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay, now you grow vapourish ; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tin. About this time, say'st thou ! Come, faith, for humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tin. Serious ! never fear me, child ; ha, ha, ha ! Dost not hear him ?

Lady. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to shew your wit or your teeth ?

Tin. Why both, my dear---I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child ; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not ?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly.

Tin. Why, my dear, you could not look more frightened if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tin. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*]

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, widow— I would engage, by the help of a white sheet and a penny-worth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! This is more than fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been! to speak against my conscience, only to shew my parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my heart: I hope it will do me no hurt for a little harmless raillery.

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it? It beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

Tin. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet!

[*Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.*]
Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh, 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband! [*She faints.*]

Tin. Now would I give ten thousand pounds that I were in town: [*Fantome advances to him drumming.*] I beg ten thousand pardons: I'll never talk at this rate any more. [*Fantome still advances drumming.*] By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest. [*Falls on his knees.*] Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a cockcomb— [*Fantome points to the door.*] But see, he waves me off. ---Ay, with all my heart—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*]

Fan. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him; I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjuror to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover; and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming, I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*]

Enter Abigail and Servants.

Ab. Oh, my poor lady! This wicked drum has frightened Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady; but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And, if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

*I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand pounds, and Mr. Vellum.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George in his Conjuror's Habit, the Butler marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.

But. A N'T please your worship, Mr. Conjuror, the steward has given us all orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

Sir Geo. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your conjurorship's worship, shall I set the table down here?

Sir Geo. Here, Peter.

Gard. Peter!—He knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*]

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

Sir Geo. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else.

Sir Geo. Paper, and a pen and ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges—Would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

Sir Geo. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

Coach. [*To Gard.*] Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjuror by myself!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir Geo. solus. There's nothing I see makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple-alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter Gardener with a Sheet of Paper, Coachman with a Standish, and Butler with a Pen.

Gard. Sir, there is your paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your standish.

But. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*]

Gard. [*Aside.*] He forgets that he's to make a circle—Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir Geo. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I show'd you the spot where he's heard oftentimes, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room—

Sir Geo. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of stingo at your elbow?

Sir Geo. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

Gard. John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a conjuror.

But. I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir Geo. What wouldst thou?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

Sir Geo. Mark'd with a swan's neck—

But. My lady's crest! He knows every thing.

[*Aside.*]

How wou'd your worship advise me to recover it

Sir Geo. Hum!

[*Again?*]

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir Geo. Drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight—

But. Small beer! rot-gut!

Sir Geo. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd—It is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one.

[*Aside.*]

Coach. D'y'e mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell.—

Coach. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbing: I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier

But. [*To Gard.*] A prodigious man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-axe.

Gard. I have nothing to give him; Does he not expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

Coach. [*To Sir Geo.*] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir Geo. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitch'd—

Sir Geo. A bay gelding

Coach. How cou'd he know that?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Bought at Banbury.

Coach. Whew—so it was of my conscience.

[*Whistles.*]

Sir Geo. Six years old last Lammas.

Coach. To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by Goody Crouch or Goody Fly.

Sir Geo. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be by Goody Gurton; for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

Gard. Hast thou done, Robin?

Coach. [*To Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To Sir Geo.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

Sir Geo. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

Sir Geo. A woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Go on.

Gard. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir Geo. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both—

Sir Geo. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing.

Sir Geo. Hast thou done?

Gard. I wou'd desire to know whether I am really father to them both.

Sir Geo. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his wand upon his head and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjuror's wand. If he has been faucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir Geo. Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*]

Gard. Ay, are they both mine, d'y'e think?

Sir Geo. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ay, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler—if my poor master, Sir George, had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

Sir Geo. What, was Sir George a kind master?

Gard. Was he? Ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir Geo. Did ye love Sir George?

But. Every body lov'd him—

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death—

Gard. He was the best neighbour—

But. The kindest husband—

Coach. The truest friend to the poor—

But. My good lady took on mightily; we all thought it would have been the death of her—

Sir Geo. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so—you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir Geo. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour: but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum, I am impatient to hear some news of my wife; how does she after her fright?

Vel. It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a widow—

Sir Geo. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord Coke—pr'ythee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

Sir Geo. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail! But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have serv'd me thus—

Vel. You will fancy you are a living man—

Sir Geo. That he should endeavour to enslave my wife—

Vel. You have no right in her after your demise. Death extinguishes all property—*Quod banc*—It is a maxim in the law.

Sir Geo. A pox on your learning! Well, but what, is become of Tintel?

Vel. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clap'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

Sir Geo. This is whimsical enough! My wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day—Fantome has driven out Tintel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

Vel. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—

he, he, he! You must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a provoking block-head? but he means me well—Well, I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome: and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house in a manner that shall throw shame upon

him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch----

Sir Geo. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the life of business----

Sir Geo. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observ'd, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First----

Sir Geo. There is no bearing this! Thou art going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practicing it.

Vel. But your ho--nour will not give me a hearing----

Sir Geo. Thou wilt not give me the hearing. *[Angry.]*

Vel. I am still.

Sir Geo. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has describ'd the ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir Geo. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done-----But since her ho--nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir Geo. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

Vel. Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six----

Sir Geo. Hush, here she comes! O my heart!

Enter Lady and Abigail.

Sir Geo. *[Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.]* O that lov'd woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.]

Lady. *[To Vellum.]* This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

Ab. *[Aside.]* A parcel of credulous fools; they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigail.

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir Geo. Speak! but hold---first let me feel your pulse.

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir Geo. I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir Geo. You will have a husband within this half hour.

Ab. *[Aside.]* I am glad to hear that----He must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

Sir Geo. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. Fantome to be sure. *[Aside.]*

Lady. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir Geo. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

Ab. *[Aside.]* I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome, to be sure: the thousand pound is our own.

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir George.

Sir Geo. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

Lady. This is astonishing.

Sir Geo. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma.

Lady. Every circumstance to a tittle!

Sir Geo. Then, lady, the wedding night! I saw you in your white satin night-gown: You would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand---You struggled-----but he was too strong for you---You blush'd; he-----

Lady. Oh! stop there! go no farther---He knows every thing. *[Aside.]*

Ab. Truly, Mr. Conjuror, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Abigail, you know what your good word cost Sir George; a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail----

Ab. The devil's in him. *[Aside.]* Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir Geo. 'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

Ab. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. *[Aside.]* Pray, Sir, though you are a conjuror, methinks you need not be a blab-----

Lady. Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently---It has the resemblance of my deceased husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir Geo. I must to that end be sincerely inform'd by you, whether your heart be engaged to another. Have not you receiv'd the addresses of many lovers since his death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

Sir Geo. Was not Tinsel welcome?----I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. *[Aside.]*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir Geo. Racks!

Lady. Of a good family.

Sir Geo. Tortures!

Lady. Heir to a considerable estate.

Sir Geo. Death! *[Aside.]* And you still love him?-----I'm distracted! *[Aside.]*

Lady. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune; was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles.

Sir Geo. I'm recover'd.

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a

foundrel he look'd when he left your ladyship in a swoon! Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: For, to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil.

Sir Geo. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

Sir Geo. This quite overpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time.—[*Aside.*]—Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

Lady. Success attend you!

Ab. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigail.*]

Sir George, solus.

Sir Geo. My heart is now at ease; she is the same dear woman I left her—Now for my revenge upon Fantome.—I shall cut the ceremonies short. A few words will do his business—Now let me seat myself in form—A good easy chair for a conjuror, this!—Now for a few mathematical scratches—a good lucky scrawl, that—Faith I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a complete conjuror's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir! are you there? [*Enter Drummer.*] Now must I pore upon my paper.

[*Enter Fantome, beating his Drum.*]

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee don't make a noise, I'm busy.

[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir Geo. A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*]

Sir Geo. [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically.

[*Fantome advances.*]

Sir Geo. How the rogue stares, he acts it to admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe.

[*Fantome starts, and gives a rap upon his drum.*]

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee don't play the fool.

[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir Geo. Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

Fan. [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discover'd. This jade Abigail has betray'd me.

Sir Geo. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

Fan. 'Tis plain she has told him all. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

Fan. [*To Sir George.*] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

Sir Geo. I have learnt it from my art.

Fan. Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.

Sir Geo. I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

Fan. I'll make them up twenty.

Sir Geo. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition as shall—

Fan. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I'm not to be frightened with bugbears!

Sir Geo. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art—

Fan. Why, if thou hast any hocus-pocus tricks to play, why can't thou not do them here?

Sir Geo. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private—

Fan. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

Sir Geo. I will—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*]

Fantome solus.

Fan. A very solemn old ass! But I smoke him—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I cou'd not think this slut wou'd have us'd me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my drum: I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carry'd off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth. I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

[*Enter Sir George in his own Habit.*]

Fan. Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! Nay then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*]

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George—The enemy has left me master of the field: Here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

[*Enter Abigail.*]

[*Sir George stands with his hand before his face, in a mourning posture.*]

Ab. Yonder he is. O my conscience he has driven off the conjuror. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*]

Sir Geo. Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*]

Ab. Oh! 'tis my master! [*Starts.*]

[*Running away, he catches her.*]

Sir Geo. Good Mrs. Abigail, not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir?—He has given my shoulder such a curfed tweak! they must be real fingers; I feel 'em, I'm sure.

Sir Geo. What dost thou think?

Ab. Think, Sir? think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how—

Sir Geo. No questions, good Abigail; thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frighted!—and so glad—

Sir Geo. Where's your lady? I ask you—

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for joy—

Sir Geo. Your lady? I say, your lady? I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more—

Ab. Oh! She has been talking a good while with the steward.

Sir Geo. Then he has open'd the whole story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

[*Enter Lady, followed by Vellum.*]

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! My life! my soul! my husband!

Sir Geo. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women.

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed.

Sir Geo. My heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir Geo. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed: There will be now no doubts to dish it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir Geo. And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

Lady. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir Geo. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the steward told us, lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my lady already!

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam.

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whist'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour!

Gard. Hast thou given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir Geo. [To Lady.] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bless your honour; may you never die again!

Coach. The same good man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir Geo. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st Abigail, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there shou'd be one sad heart in my house to-night.

Lady. What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

Ab. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: Pray do you thank my master and my lady.

Sir Geo. Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

Vel. The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors;
And so we bid good-night to both your honours.



Chrononhotonthologos.

By HARRY CAREY. 1723

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, King
of Queerummania.
BOMBARDINIAN, his General.
ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO, and
RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS, Courtiers.
Captain of the Guards.

Herald.
Cook.
Doctor.
King of the Fidlers.
King of the Antipodes.
CUPID.

W O M E N.

FADLADINIDA, Queen of Queer-
ummania.
TATLANTHE, her Favourite.

Two Ladies of the Court,
Two Ladies of Pleasure.
VENUS.

Guards and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, QUEERUMMANIA.

SCENE,

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosop-
hornio.

Rig-Fun. Aldiborontiphosophornio!

Where leit you Chrononhotontho-
logos?

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers;
Lull'd by the chearful trumpets gladsome clangor,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake!
What says my friend to this?

Rig-Fun.—Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep:
What a plague wou'd you have me say?

Aldi. O impious thought! O curs'd insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos,
To animals detestable and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

Rig-Fun. My dear friend! you entirely misap-
prehend me: I did not call the King dog by craft;
I was only going to tell you that the soldiers have
just now receiv'd their pay, and are all as drunk as
so many swabbers.

Aldi. Give orders instantly that no more money
Be issu'd to the troops; mean time, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety.

Rig-Fun. I fancy you had better banish the sut-
lers, and blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdum-Funnidos,
And reason seems to father thy advice:
But, soft!—The King in pensive contemplation
Seems to resolve on some important doubt;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabrick,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

[They retire.]

Enter King.

King. This God of Sleep is watchful to tor-
ment me,

And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes:
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For, if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs,

A

I'll tear thine eye-balls from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to out-stare eternity.

[Exit in a buff.

Re-enter Rigdum and Aldiboronti.

Rig.—The King is in a most curied passion.

Pray, who the devil is this Mr. Somnus, he's so angry withal?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Intestuous pair! Brother of Mors relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good family, for aught I know; but I would not be in his place for the world.

Aldi. But, lo! the King, his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd [bending,
In cogibundity of cogitation:

Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter King, Nobles, Attendants, &c.

King.—It is resolv'd—Now, Somnus, I
defy thee,

And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion.
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death:
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration:
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptivose and sublime.

[The flat scene draws.

The King is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed; in the midst of which enters a Captain of the Guards.

Capt. To arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!

Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
'This world is too incopious to contain 'em:
Armies on armies march, in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But tear o'er teer, high pil'd from earth to heaven.
A blasing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

King. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like
golden ingots,

Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scare them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his légions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him.
Mean time, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph: Let the singing fingers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
E'en sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE, A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, and two Ladies.

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins
to rise,

And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy, bleating flocks,
In baa's harmonious warble thro' the rocks:

Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziars tattle to the clouds.

What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill,
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat.—Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen.—My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.

[They are all serv'd round with a dram.

I have a famous fidler sent from France.

Rid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fidler.

Fid.—Thus to your majesty, says the suppliant

Wou'd you a Solo or Sonata chuse? [muse,

Or bold Concerto, or soft Siciliana?

Alla Francese oveso ip Gusto Romano?

When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!—play us the Black Joak.

[Music plays.

[Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joak.

So much for dancing; now let's rest awhile.

Bring in the tea-things—does the kettle boil?

Tat.—The water bubbles; and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip,

[Tea brought in.

Queen.—Come, Ladies, will you please to
chuse your tea?

Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea?

1st Lady.—Never, no, never sure on earth was seen,
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2d Lady.—She is an angel.

1st Lady.—She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, all together.

Queen.—Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady.—We don't indeed:

Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen.—You make me blush: Pray help
me to a fan.

1st Lady. That blush becomes you.

Tat.—Wou'd I were a man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.

[Bell rings.

The bell rings in: Come, ladies, let's to pray'rs.

[They dance off.

SCENE, An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosphorhonio.

Rig-Fun. Egad, we're in the wrong box! Who
the devil wou'd have thought that Chrononhotontho-
logos shou'd beat that mortal fight of Tippodeans?
Why, there's not a mother's child of toem to be
seen: 'egad, they footed it away as fast as their
hands could carry 'em; but they have left their
King behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one
comfort.

Aldi.—Wou'd he were still at amplest liberty!

For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue;
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rig-Fun. The devil she is! Well, I see mischief
is going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the conqueror comes, all crown'd
with conquest!

A solemn triumph graces his return.

Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,

To greet the victor in his flow of glory.

A grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, Guards and Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosphorhonio.

Aldi.—All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!

Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects;
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,

Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro.—Aldiborontiphosphornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our congratulations flow in streams unbounded:
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
Which shall with int'rest be repaid ere long.
But where's our Queen! where's Fadladinida!
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine,
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig.—Now, my dear little Phosphornio, for a
swingeing lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run
with it to her this minute, that we may all be in a
flay. Say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

[*Whispers, and steals off.*]

Aldi.—Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe,
Of Fadladinida, your faithful queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,
But cannot, oh! she cannot come herself.

King.—Our rage is turn'd to fear: What ails
the qu-en?

Aldi. A sudden diarrhœa's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far out-does her late out-doing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

King. Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate.
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old;
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All, all, attend; and see they bring their med'cines.
Whole magazines of galli-potted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutical order.

The man that cures our queen shall have our em-
pire!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, a Garden.

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. Heigh ho! my heart!

Tat.—What ails my gracious queen?

Queen. O would to Venus I had never seen—

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen.—Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen.—No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, madam?

Queen.—Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something!

Queen.—No!

Tat. Or nothing!

Queen.—No.

Tat. Then I conclude, of course, since it was
neither,

Nothing and something jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen?

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my queen?

Queen. The king I mean.

Tat.—Just now return'd from war:

He rides like Mars in his triumphal car.
Conquest precedes with laurels in his hand;
Behind him Fame does on her tripos stand;
Her golden trump shrill thro' the air the sounds,
Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven re-
Trophies and spoils innumerable grace [bounds;
This triumph, which all triumphs does deface:
Haste then, great queen! your hero thus to meet,
Woe longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen.—Art mad, Tatlanthe? I meant no
such thing.

Your talk's distasteful.

Tat.—Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;
The charming king I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming
fair,

In Chrononhotonthologos should share?

The queen of beauty, and the god of arms,

In him and you united blend their charms.

Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,

And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath;

While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,

In pyramids of conquest to the skies:

The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay;

But your bright charms have call'd him thence
away.

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise:
You are too pertly lavish in his praise.

Leave me for ever!

[*Tatlanthe kneeling.*]

Tat.—Oh! what shall I say?

Do not, great Queen, your anger thus display!

O, frown me dead! let me not live to hear

My gracious Queen and mistress so severe!

I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt!

Oh! tell me what it is!

Queen.—No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow

Till you some token of forgiveness show:

Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!

And from her brow dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at
last:

Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

[*Tatlanthe aside, rising.*]

Tat. Why, what a fool was I, not to perceive her
passion for the topsy-turvy King, the gentleman
that carries his head where his heels should be!
But I must tack about, I see.

[*To the Queen.*]

Excuse me, gracious Madam! if my heart
Bears sympathy with yours in ev'ry part;
With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,
Approve your passion, and commend your choice;
The captive King—

Queen.—That's he! that's he! that's he!

I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free:

Oh! my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,

His air, his shape, his mien, his ev'ry grace?

In what a charming attitude he stands,

How prettily he foots it with his hands!

Well, to his arms, no, to his legs I fly,

For I must have him, if I live or die.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Bed-Chamber.

Chrononhotonthologos asleep.

[*Rough music, viz.*]

Salt-boxes and Rolling-pins, Gridirons and Tonges,
Saw-gelders-Horns, Marrow-bones and Cleavers,
&c. &c.

[*He wakes.*]

Chro. What heav'nly sounds are these that charm
my ears?

Sure 'tis the music of the tuneful spheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. A messenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian
Craves instant audience of your majesty.

Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!

Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian

Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my mouth,

To pour his foul out in your royal ears,

Chro. Then use thy master's tongue with reverence,
Nor waste it in thine own loquacity, [re-
But briefly and at large declare thy message.

Her. Suspend awhile, great Chrononhotonthologos,
The fate of empires, and the toils of war,
And in my tent let's quaff Phalernian wine,
Till our souls mount, and emulate the gods.
Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,
Submissive to your wishes, court your option.
Haste then, great king, to bless us with your presence.
Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,
Which shall be welcom'd by the drums dread rattle,
The cannons thunder, and the trumpets blast;
While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,
Receive my king in all the pomp of war.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare;
Ere thou art half on horseback, I'll be there.

SCENE, a Prison.

The King of the Antipodes discover'd asleep on a Couch.
Enter Queen.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love?
See in what sweet tranquility he sleeps,
While nature's self at his confinement weeps.
Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear.
No Chrononhotonthologos is here.
Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;
Then command me: What says my charming king?

[*She puts the ring in his mouth; he bends the sea-crab, and makes a roaring noise.*]

Queen. What can this mean! he lays his feet at
Is this of love, or hate, his country's sign? [mine;
Ah, wretched queen! how hapless is thy lot,
To love a man that understands thee not!
Oh, lovely Venus, goddess all divine!
And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine!
Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,
And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart!

Venus descends in her chariot, and sings.

A I R.

Ven. See Venus does attend thee,

My dilding, my dilding,
Love's goddess will befriend thee,
Lily bright and shinee.

With pity and compassion,
My dilding, my dilding,
She sees thy tender passion,
Lily, &c. Da Capo.

A I R changes.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,
Dance over the Lady Lee.
Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay lady.

Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.

All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c. Da Capo.
Cupid descends and sings.

A I R.

Are you a widow, or are you a wife?
Gilliflow'r, gentle rosemary.
Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright
As the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

Queen. Would I were a widow, as I am a wife,
Gilliflow'r, &c.

But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,
As the dew, &c.

Cupid. You shall be a widow before it is night,
Gilliflow'r, &c.

No longer a maiden so fair and so bright
As the dew, &c.

Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
Gilliflow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden so fair and so bright
As the dew, &c.

Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
Gilliflow'r, &c.
And twenty fine babies, all lovely and fair,
As the dew, &c.

Queen. O thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news!
Gilliflow'r, &c.

What woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the dew, &c.

Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off, and the King of the Antipodes follows walking on his Hands.
[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE, Bombardinian's Tent.

King and Bombardinian, at a Table with two Ladies.

Bomb. This honour, royal Sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, wants words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Phalernian wine;
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods that we propine their healths.

King. Hold, Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat?

The King shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starv'd before
I can run round the world for a dinner; besides,
where's the money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave!
Guards, seize the villain; broil him, fry him, stew him!

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. O pray your majesty, spare my life; there's
some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll haste it for
your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!

[*Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.*]

Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second-hand?

Now, by the gods, thou dost insult us, General!

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

[*Points to the Ladies.*]

King. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotonthologos
Have made a very hearty meal of worse. [gos,

King. Ha, traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bomb. A blow! shall Bombardinian take a blow?
Blush, blush, thou sun! start back, thou rapid ocean!

Hills, vales, seas, mountains! all commixing crum-
And into chaos pulverize the world; [ble,

For Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die! [Draws.

[*The women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c.*]

King. What means the traitor?

Bomb. Traitor, in thy teeth

Thus I defy thee.

They fight; he kills the King.

Ha! What have I donè?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,

But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!

[Exit raving.]

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct. — My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! dead? impossible! it cannot be!

I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.

Go join his body to his soul again,

Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic,
His soul has left his body and this world.

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back.

[Kills him.]

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha! — Call'st thou, Chrononhotentologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!

He comes, in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[Kills himself.]

Enter Queen and others.

Aldi. O horrid, horrible, and horriddest horror!
Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!

O—h!

[All groan, a Tragedy groan.]

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods, what is't
To make a widow of a virgin queen? [you mean,

For, to my great misfortune, he, poor King,

Has left me so; i'n't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why then, dear Madam, make no farther
Were I your majesty, I'd try another. [pothor;

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice:
Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig-Fun. Ay, that I can, and please your majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh, but the mourning takes up all my
care:

I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig-Fun. Never talk of mourning, Madam,
One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscopyhorny.

[To Aldi. aside.]

Aldi. I scorn your bounty, I'll be king, or no—
Draw, miscreant! draw! [thing.]

Rig-Fun. — No, Sir, I'll take the law.

[Runs behind the Queen.]

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care:

Where shall I find thee such another pair?

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,

Shou'd die a virgin, and lead apes in hell!

Chuse for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,

Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corse
away;

Make preparation for our wedding-day.

Instead of sad solemnity and black,

Our hearts shall swim in claret and in sack.

[Exeunt omnes.]



